Freckles.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. 1

she goes, do not seem to belong to a lady of retiring disposi-

tion. However, no matter how much she

may really suffer under the gaze of popular

curiosity, the big fortune which she is mak-

ing out of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" should

ssuage her agonies of outraged diffidence.

But what I set out to write is the fact that

little Lord Fautleroy, in all his multitudin-

play, we saw numerous examples of him

everywhere. A long-haired boy, dressed in

a fashion to make his sex an uncertainty to the observer, at least from his belt to his

NEW YORK, September 28.

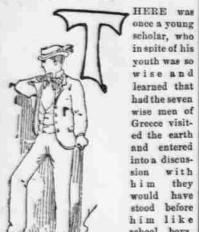
audience, and her

trate and His Loves.

The Scholar Searches for the Flower Heartsjoy and

WINS THE MILLER'S LOVELY DAUGHTER.

Translated for THE DISPATCH from the German



wise men of into a discussion with they stood before him like school boys. This same

out one spring morning to hear the grass grasses and herbs. Some they wash with grows for he understood even that and as se wandered in the light May green and saw how the bright wonders of the air flew around the star flowers, and heard how the cricket in the grass, the birds on the boughs and the frogs in the meadow brook sang their marriage song, he thought of his vil-lage home that he had left years ago to at-tend the university, and he also thought of the little black-eyed maid, who had given him a heart of cake at parting, and who at the same time had shed bitter tears, and the thought of all this enlivened his spirits

wonderfully.
On the following day the scholar tied up his bundle, took a clumsy stick in his right hand, and carrying pleasure and joy in his heart, wandered out of the gate into the fresh world. Three days after he caught a glimpse be-

bind the blooming fruit trees of his native church tower and its familiar blue-slated roof, and the wind carried softly over to im the sounds of a bell.

"Will she know me?" said he to himself.
"Scarcely, and I shall have trouble to discover in the 18-year-old maiden the little Greta of old. But her eyes; her large, clear eyes must surely disclose her to me. And when I see her sitting before the door on the stone beach, then I will ereep up to her and and the rest will take care of itself."
The scholar threw his hat in the air, and

gave such a loud shout that he was fright-ened at his own voice. He looked shyly around him to see if anyone had been a witness to his freedom, but aside from a field mouse, which had fied hastily into its hole,

there was no living thing near him.

With fast brating heart the scholar made his way into the village. The sounds of the bell were no longer heard, but in their place there are invalid the scholar made. there arose joyful strains of violin and flute A wedding party was moving through the narrow village street. The bridegroom, a young and sturdy

The Bridal Procession

peasant, looked proudly about him, as if he would ask the dear Master, "What will you take for the world?" The bride, adorned with a glittering crown, kept her eyes modestly fixed on the ground. But all at once she raised the lids, and her large, clear eyes revealed to the magistrate, who it was that stepped under the bridal crown.

It was afternoon. The field glistened golden green, and the sun strewed thousands of glimmering rays over brook and river. Mankind rejoiced in the light, but to-day it hurt the magistrate, and he shaded his eyes with his hand. Thus he strode forward. Presently he was joined by a traveler who

scholar, "the sunlight blinds you, is it not The scholar acknowledged it. "See," continued the stranger, "there is no better remedy for that than these dark spectacles which I wear. Try them," and with these words he took his spectacles

from his nose and handed them to the scholar.

He complied with the man's request and put on the dark colored glasses. They did, indeed, soothe his eyes. The sun lost its bright glow, the meadows with their red and golden flowers, the trees and bushes and the roof of heaven, all were gray, and the magistrate was content. "Are the spectacles cheap?" he asked of

the wandering man.
"They are in good hands," he answered,

membrance, dear scholar." embrance, dear scholar."
"Ab, you know me, then; and may I The birds were astir in the branches and

name is Grumbler. Farewell!"
With these words he turned into a field

with these words he turned into a neid and soon disappeared from sight. But the scholar pressed his gray glasses firmly on his nose and went on.

Years had passed since this occurrence. The scholar had become a surly bachelor and had forgotten how to find pleasure in the world. It is true he went out into the open sir, but the trees' greenness and the blossoms' beautiful colors existed no longer for him. He tore up the plants, carried them home and pressed and dried them. Then he laid the flower mummies in gray blotting paper, wrote on it a Latin name, and that was his sole pleasure, if it could be

In one of his wanderings he came upon a secluded valley; a brook flowed within it, which drove a mill; and being thirsty, he asked an old woman, who was sunning her-self before the door, if she would kindly give him a drink. The old woman com-plied, invited the guest to sit down and went into the house. Not long after a young girl brought milk and bread and placed both on the stone table before the guest. It seemed to the scholar that the girl was not ugly, but he was not quite certain of that, on account of his glasses, and he did not wish to remove them because he thought the sunlight would hurt his eyes. He quietly disposed of what had been offered him, and because the miller's daughter would take no pay, he pressed her hand and then left. She, however, looked after the melancholy man until he had vanished behind the bushes.

The mendow valley in which the mill lay, must foster many strange plants, for the learned man came three days after his first visit, and spoke to them again in the mill.

And so he came even more frequently and was soon an expected visitor. He brought the old grandmother sugar, SCHOLAR AND FAIRY.

He brought the old grandmother sugar, coffee, snuff and other timely presents, and he entertained the miller with pleasant talk, but he directed not one word to the blind daughter, instead he contented himself with gazing at her through his gray glasses. Then the miller pushed the grandmother gently with his elbows and the old woman nodded AIDED BY KING RANUNCULUS

One day as the scholar had left the mill One day as the scholar had left the mill and was going along the edge of the meadow, he noticed a mole, which hung in a noose and was struggling to escape death on the gallows. The kind-hearted man went up to it, released the captive, and placed it on the ground, then mole and scholar each went his way.

went his way.

One evening as the learned man sat in his study, it happened that a bat flew in at an open window. That is not exactly strange. But when he perceived that a tiny man not larger than a finger was seated on the bat, and that this small creature dismounted and bowed profoundly before him, he was overcome with astonishment. in spite of his come with astonishment. "What do you seek here?" he asked of

wise and that turb sensible people at their work!" The little man, however, did not allow himself to be confused, but seated himself on the writing sandbox and said:

ed the earth for you have freed me to-day from an evil and entered condition. The mole whom you released from the noose was I."
"Indeed! And who are you really?"

asked the scholar, at the same time examin-ing the little man through his glasses. He would have had a fine and delicate form, and if the spectacles had not been so gray, the scholar might have perceived that the tiny being wore a small green coat and a gold green

cap. "I am the wise genius, Ranunculus," scholar went said the dwarf. "My servants tend the



The Maid of the Mill. den, and others they comb with sunbeams and still others furnish nourishment for the roots. In order to watch the last named without their recognizing me I took the form of a mole. In this way I was soon betrayed into the noose, out of which your hand freed me. And now I am here to thank

you and render you a service."
"Well, let me hear." said the scholar. "You ar: a learned man," commenced Ranunculus. "You know the flowers and herbs which grow on meadow and mount-ain, in wood and field; but one bloom you do not know."
"What is it?" asked the scholar eagerly.

"The flower is called heartsjoy."
No, that one I do not know."

"But I know it," said Ranunculus, "and I will tell you where you can find it. If you follow the mill brook, which you know so well, to its source, you will come to a rock. There you will find a cave which the people call the little night's cave. And at the entrance blooms the flower heartsjoy, but it blooms only on Trinity Sunday at the hour of sunrise, and whoever is on the spot ca. pick the flower. Do you understand

"Farewell then," said the dwarf, mounted his winged animal and flew through the open window.

The scholar rubbed his forehead in bewilderment and shook his head. Then he

bound in hog's skin. rence the miller's lovely daughter sat before the mill in the meadow and near her was the grandmother. The spinning wheels buzzed and the old dame related abou: the Frau Perchte, who presented the industrious spinners with stems of flax, which changed but complained that the other students ill-treated him, and would not associate with the contract of the progress of his new favorite. The teachers praised the boy, but complained that the other students ill-treated him, and would not associate with the contract of the progress of his new favorite. The teachers praised the boy, and would not associate with the contract of the progress of his new favorite. The teachers praised the boy, and the progress of his new favorite. The teachers praised the boy, and the progress of his new favorite. The teachers praised the boy, and the progress of his new favorite. The teachers praised the boy, and the progress of his new favorite. The teachers praised the boy, are the progress of his new favorite. The teachers praised the boy, are the progress of his new favorite. The teachers praised the boy, are the progress of his new favorite. The teachers praised the boy, are the progress of his new favorite. The teachers praised the boy, are the progress of his new favorite. The teachers praised the boy, are the progress of his new favorite. The teachers praised the boy, are the progress of his new favorite. The teachers praised the boy, are the progress of his new favorite. The teachers praised the boy, are the progress of his new favorite. The teachers praised the boy, are the progress of his new favorite. The teachers praised the boy, are the progress of his new favorite. The teachers praised the boy, are the progress of his new favorite. The teachers praised the boy, are the progress of his new favorite. The teachers praised the boy are the progress of his new favorite. The teachers praised the boy are the progress of his new favorite. The teachers praised the boy are the progress of his new favorite. The teachers praised the boy are the progress of his new favorite. The teachers praised the boy are the progress of hi presently into yellow gold, and many other wonders she related. She also gave an account of the sleeping man, who sits in the little night's cave. Every 100 years he is visible, and should a maiden kiss the sleep-ing man three times, he will be delivered and the maiden receives a sweetheart as a and the maiden receives a sweetheart as a reward. Thus the old woman continued to relate and the lovely girl listened and spun the tales still further, like the flax of thread which she held in her white fingers. The stars shone in the heaven and as it was the time when the elders were in bloom, the eyes of the maiden were overcome by sweet weariness. She sought her little room and

went to rest.

In the night it seemed to her as though a tiny man stood before her, clad in a little green coat and a gold green cap. The small creature looked very friendly, and said to

had apparently gone a long way, for he looked like a wandering cloud of dust.

"Good friend," said the stranger to the other is assigned the treasure in the night's other is assigned the treasure in the night's caves. To-morrow is the day when the sleeping man will be visible; at the sunrise he will be sitting quietly slumbering at the entrance of the cave, and if thou be not timid, but kiss him heartily three times on the mouth, then the spell will be broken and the prize will be won. Beware, however, in this work of redemption lest thou speak one word or make a sound of any kind; otherwise the sleeping man will sink 3,000 fathoms deep in the earth and he must await again 100 years for his deliverance.

Thus the strange being spoke and then disappeared. The girl awoke and rubbed her eyes. A sweet odor like that of new mown hay filled the room and the gray morning peeped through the opening in the window blinds. The brave girl arose from her couch and dressed. She stole softly out and I always carry many spectacles of that sort with me. Take them from me as a re-

"Who I am," the stranger added. "My were sleepily trying their voices. The white mist sank to the ground and was drawn in streaks over the mendows, and the tops of streaks over the mendows, and the tops of the fir trees were golden colored. The miller's lovely daughter stood at the en-trance of the cave, and truly, a sleeping man sat on a moss covered stone just as the dwarf had foretold. The girl nearly cried out, for the sleeping man looked so exactly like the scholar area a mix of gray glasses. like the scholar, even a pair of gray glasse

was on his nose.

Luckily the maiden remembered the Luckily the maiden remembered the drawl's warning and silently, but with a fast beating heart she approached the sleeper, to perform the sacred work of redemption, and she did not find it so terrible as she had thought it would be.

She bent squietly over the sleeper and kissed his mouth. The man made a move-

ment, as if he would awaken.

The girl kissed him a second time, whereupon the man opened his tied eyelids and looked at the maiden through his gray glasses in a ghostly manner.
But she stood firmly and pressed the third

kiss on his lips.

The man bounded from his seat in such haste that the spectacles slid from his nose and were dashed to pieces on the stone floor.

THE QUEEN OF SPAIN.

How a Young and Beautiful Girl Has · Ruled a Great Country,

A To bacconist's Son Ascended the Stens of a Throne.

TORN WITH CIVIL DISSENSIONS.

STRANGE STORY OF SPANISH ROYALTY

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPASSION All the world knows how successfully and heroically the young Spanish Queen has maintained her most trying position. The regnant Victoria sailed through 50 years of prosperity, guided by the most competent advisers, but this young girl came unexpectedly to the throne of a country torn with civil wars, a country where she was looked upon with hatred, and she has made her position strong, not only with power, but with love.

Alphonso was handsome and good no tured, romantic from his many amours and the pathetic story of his first Queen, This new intruder was an Austrian. She had disappointed the nation twice in giving birth to girls, and it was thought the throne might go to pieces or to the everlasting Carlists, when she rallied herself, as it were, gave birth to a son and took the reins of Government with such tact and ability, that she is now loved with almost fanatical de-

She understands the power of personality, She understands the power of personality, and is always herself on the spot reviewing the army in person, opening the Cortes, attending all national exhibitions, going to the furthest part of her kingdom in case of calamity, taking active part in all Government reforms, in fact, proving herself one of the most active and able of existing sov-

ereigns.

I will not repeat the well-worn tales of the court of the baby king, his nurses and his uniforms. It is of the kinglet's greatgrandfather that my revelations will this time speak. For I remember a story an old Spanish grandee once told me, under a sledge of secrecy, in a little old Bohemian Spanish inn in Paris, frequented by Fortuny and Madragar, where I was staying to gets bits of color for a Franco-Spanish novel. I promised never to tell, but noth-

novel. I promised never to tell, but nothing was said about writing.

The story is different from that published in court history, but the grandee was a distant relation of the hero, and the story of such a nature that I do not think he would have told it if it had not been true.

A LOYAL CHILD.

The ruler who preceded Queen Isabella was a strange, coarse man of violent temper and repulsive exterior. Extremely suspi-cious of his subjects, he was always trying to test their affection, to penetrate by dis-guise into their homes that he might learn if he was beloved by his people. It was a point he was exceedingly tender on. One evening toward dusk he left the palace in disguise. Some new rumors that he was unpopular had disturbed him and he could not rest till he disturbed him and he could not rest till he had investigated them. As he approached the borders of the royal park he found that he had forgotten his tobacco, and seeing a light gleam from a little shop where his soldiers were supplied, he bent his ateps towards it. On entering he only found a boy, who had been left in charge by his father, the tobacconist. While making his purchase His Majesty noted the singular beauty and intelligence of the child's face and asked him his name, which the boy said was Lorenzo. The King then lighted a cigar and skillfully led the conversation till he had induced the boy to speak of his feeling for his sovereign, when the unconfeeling for his sovereign, when the uncon-scious child disclosed a heart of such loyalty and love for his ruler in spite of his faults, and love for his ruler in spite of his man, which he freely babbled off, that the mon-arch exclaimed: "Would all my people arch exclaimed like this; then would my were educated like this; then would my throne stand firm!" Then he left him gazing with astonishment at a gold piece in his

The next morning the king called his chamberlain, and said: "The tobacconist on the borders of my park has a son of great intelligence; I wish him placed in the royal college." "But, Your Majesty, the college is only for the sons of nobles." "Obey my or-

him, because he was not a noble. "Lorenzo, come here," the King cried; and putting his arm round him, said, before them all: "Kiss me, my boy." Then taking a decoration from his breast, he pinned it on the child and said: "I make him noble; treat him as if he more my son."

if he were my son."

The poor old King had married his fourth The poor old King had married his fourth wife, and still was childless. His infirmities grew upon him and he was now stricken with a fearful disease—so horrible and repulsive that all fled from him. Lorenzo had now left college and entered the army, and the King had lost sight of his little favorite. The boy had grown up to be a handsome young officer of the most luscious Spanish type.

Spanish type. DEATH AND INTRIGUE.

One day the monarch, ill and almost deone day the monarch, in and almost de-serted, heard someone playing a sweet little melody on a mandolin from the garden out-side. The air soothed him, and he cried: "Who is that?" "It is Lorenzo, your Majesty." "Send him to me." Then, as the young officer stood before him, he dis-missed his attendants and said: "Do you love me, Lorenzo?" The poor old King was disgusting to behold, swollen beyond semblance to humanity, sans eyes, sans teeth, sans everything, and in the clutches of his dreadful disease. Lorenzo's great feeling could forget all, and bursting into tears, he threw his arms around that mass of corruption, crying: "I love you, your Majesty. I would give my lile to save you one moment's pain." "Then you shall never leave me."

After this Lorenzo was always at his side.
But now comes a new actor on the scene of

But now comes a new actor on the scene of this strange drama—the Queen. The Prin-cess Christina, daughter of the King of Naples. As the disease progressed even the attendants fled and in all the crimson and gold of the royal chamber only Lorenzo and the Queen were left to watch the bed of death. Lorenzo was one of those who seem to be born to die for their sovereign, but the young Queen did not look with the same loyal eves on the dying King and she soon fell in love with Lorenzo.

Before her child was born she caused a person to the property of the seem of the seem

new law to be passed securing succession to it whether male or female and that is how

Isabella came to the throne.

The young Queen now plunged deeper into guilt, and fearing for the future began to secrete great sums of money and even to replace some of the crown jewels with paste. In this she wanted Lorenzo to become her accomplice. Reluctantly led before, he now saw his chance for power over her. Soon the time came when they sat on either side the time came when they sat on either side of a bed with a corpse between them. "Lorenzo," she said, "I will always remember your services. I will reward you with great honors and titles." "One title will be sufficient, madam," he said, with a smile, "What do you mean?" she cried. "Your husband or you go to the scaffold!"

A POPULAR QUEEN.

The man bounded from his seat in such haste that the spectacles slid from his nose and were dashed to pieces on the stone floor. And once again he saw the fresh green of spring lighted up by the sun's rays, bright flowers and the blue heavens, and in the midst of all this splendor, a maiden, beautiful as a May rose and as slender as a lily. And he embraced her and gave back the three kisses, and numberless more besides.

Seated on a gold-green butteroup was the wise genius Ranunculus, and he stamped his tiny feet for joy. Then he sprang down, so that the flower quivered, and he went to limitate them, often herself teaching the sease expert, showing them how to utilize all And so the tobacconist's son mounted the so that the flower quivered, and he went to eversee his important business. He had kept his word. The scholar had found his heartsjoy, and the miller's lovely daughter her sweetheart.

less expert, showing them how to utilize all the ragged pieces by cutting them out and appliqueing them on cloth of gold or silver. In the lacemaking districts she tries to encourage the old indus-

tries, and her favorite headdress is the traditional mantilla. Of course, she is not Spanish in type, but it is her desire to be Spanish, and in this all Spaniards love her, for she desires to encourage and reciaim all those lost arts, which elevated as they were by the noble decorative feeling of the Moors, were the admiration and astonishment of all artistic Europe. Most of her own embroidery is ecclesiastical make and is sent by her in gitts to the different churches of her dominion—and occasionally some remarks. her in gitts to the different churches of her dominion—and occasionally some remarkable specimen is made an offering to the Pope. She loves to take a piece of old brocade—perhaps already enriched with threads of tarnished gold—and taking the original design as a clew work it all over in her own fancy of color, of which she has a wonderful sense. She also studies with great interest the principles of Japanese decorative art.

tive art. She has a bijou residence in a park nea She has a bijou residence in a park near the city which she has arranged herself and artists speak highly of her color effects, but, of course, she has all the tapestries, magnificent brocades and priceless bric-a-brac of the palaces to draw from, so it would not be a very difficult task to put together a good color harmony if one had the slightest feeling or education, but it seems most royal paragraph was not for palaces are proverbially

persons have not, for palaces are proverbially hideous.

Occasionally the Queen, after praying for her nusband, steps before another tomb and leaves a wreath of flowers on it—it is near the altar in the royal chapel, and is that of the beautiful Mercedes, Alphonso's first

Queen. I cannot speak of Spain without jumping over into Portugal and speaking of the in-habitants of one of the loveliest villas on the peninsula, who has been queen of many

TENNIE CLAFLIN AT COURT.

I experienced a shock when I went to the I experienced a shock when I went to the opening of the great college opposite the South Kensington Museum, Gresham, I believe, and saw Tennie C. Claffin sitting on the platform beside the Prince and Princess of Wales. "Why, there's Tennie C. Claffin!" I exclaimed, pointing her out to my very stout American companion. "That," said an English dame, "is Lady Cook, wife of Sir Francis Cook, who endowed this college." "Lady Cook!" gasped my companion in indignation; "so he made a lady out of her, did he? Well, it must have been hard work. God help us who are not 'ladies."

did he? Well, it must have been hard work. God help us who are not 'ladies.'"

Yes, she caught him after a long chase, but she is more than a "lady" in Portugal. There she is a Vicountess, for her lord has done great service to the Portuguese Government, and his country seat at Cintro has world-wide renown. I met in France a lady who was at the court of Portugal when Tennie was presented all in pure white with a

who was at the court of Portugal when Tennie was presented, all in pure white, with a coronet on her brow, and magnificent diamonds blazing on her well-worn bosom. She looked very handsome and grandly conscious of her dignity as she conversed with the court ladies. Oh, if the boys could only have seen her then!

While rivaled by her neighbor, the Queen of Spain herself dresses beautifully. She rides on horseback through the streets, with her guards behind her, so that her people may know she is really theirs and does not fear them. She also loves to ride in an open carriage, with the infant king in her arms.

When the Queen Victoria came to visit When the Queen Victoria came to visit her for a moment last summes, she ordered a magnificent gown of velvet with court train trimmed with old lace, and wore her finest jewels in token of respect and of the splendor proper to the meeting of two such queens. Victoria, of course, came only in her rusty old bonnet, with the wonderful little white feather, which the whole world applauded the Princess of Wales for slyly inserting in it, a shabby black silk and black mits. She came very near being bundled round to the back door of the palace and the court ladies were dreadfully palace and the court ladies were dreadfully

palace and the court ladies were dreadfully shocked at her appearance.

The Queen is very simple in her manners, and is gradually relaxing the serene etiquette of the Spanish court. Of course, it was not possible to smoke in the Queen's presence, but knowing the Spanish fondness for cigarettes, at a recent court dinner, to gain popularity, she ordered cigars to be produced. Everyone hesitated to make the first innovation, and the officer of state next the Queen held the silver basket containing them, scarcely knowing what to do. ing them, scarcely knowing what to do. when the young Queen, taking one and lighting one herself, gave it to the next Minister and said in a loud voice: "Pass round the cigars, gentlemen." All this arouses enthusiasm for the moment, but it is the crowned heads themselves that are giving the death blow to royalty all over giving the deast the world by these concessions.

OLIVE WESTON,

AN ARISTOCRATIC SWALLOW Gets a Free Ride on a Sleeping Car From St. Paul to Portland.

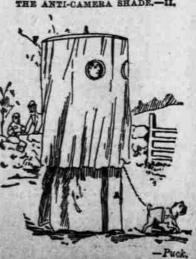
A well known conductor on the Northern Pacific was telling a queer story yesterday at the Merchants' about the compulsory immigration of a hen swallow, nest, eggs and all, from St. Paul to Portland, Ore. The swallows, last spring, evinced a particular fondness for the eaves of a sleeping car in the yards in St. Paul, and several nests were built by the busy little workers before the repairs on the interior of the car were completed, and it was returned to the service. When the car was pulled out and attached to the west-bound train, there was a commotion among the feathered community; but the train pulled out just the same, and every one supposed that the swallows had concluded to build new homes, and start new families. When the first stop was made, however, there emerged from one of the nests a badly scared hen swallow, which flew around and about the car until the train started, when she darted into the

the train started, when she darted into the nest again, resuming her exhibition of be-wilderment at each stopping place.

The bird traveled all the way to Portland in the same way, being kept watch on by the sleeping car porter, who, when ordered to do so by one of the road officials at Portland, knocked down the nest, and the bird mother, bereft of the home and prospective processy she had so realously prospective progeny she had so zealously guarded, flew wildly about for a time and at ast flew away to seek, perhaps, a new mash

The Anti-Camera Shade.-I.

THE ANTI-CAMERA SHADE,-IL



A Little Lord Fauntleroy Who Would A NEW YORK STREET SCENE. Not Take Any Impertinence.

SOCIETY GIRLS DON'T LIKE TAN. And Resort to a Very Pleasant Remedy for AN EPISODE IN A NEW YORK STREET. BRANCIS HODG-SON BURNETT professes to dislike the publicity of her press wagon was compelled to pull his horse back rather sharply in order to let the drag get by without a collision. No harm what-ever was done, but the tough young men on the express wagon were in a rage. Their swarthy, bad laces had the expression of murder in them as they shouted curses at the persons on the drag. fame, She may be sincere in saying so. Her singularities of costume when appearing on the stage in response to the calls of a theatrical

A ROWDY'S LESSON.

I thought the episode would have an ending here, but suddenly the express driver lashed his horse and gave chase to the drag. On a broad gallop he overtook the four horses, who were spanking along at a reasonable pace, and went ahead of them. Then by the most ingenious handling of his beast he wheeled to and fro across the path of the drag, compelling the driver of the vehicle to pull up. The situation was extraordinary. It was open warfare of the most disagreeable sort. By no possibility could the driver of the drag get his leaders beyond the express wagon, for the young fiend, with his single horse, managed to place his vehicle directly against their breasts wherever they moved. The air was filled with the curses of the toughs, and the ladies on the drag had to necessarily hear them. The youth who held the reins of the four-in-hand turned very white, but did not lose his presence of mind. He kept his eyes fixed upon the face A ROWDY'S LESSON. peculiarities of de-meanor wherever ous duplications, has been killed outright by dramatization. Before the story of the abnormally good little boy was made into a very white, but did not lose his presented in mind. He kept his eyes fixed upon the face of the rowdy as it was turned tauntingly up cap, was encountered in every street promenade. Ridicule has followed close upon
popularity, and he has been shorn of his
locks, and put into boyish garments. The
relief to the general public is great, and to
the poor little sufferers from Fauntleroyism
it must be immense. Most of our mothers
have come to their senses, and if they are
still fond of discovering Fauntleroy goodness in tooir urphins, they are happily ness in their urchins, they are happily cured of the folly of costuming them like blessed little idiots. I think that the few chaps left in the guise of Miss Nancys are

HE WAS NO GIRLIE. Anyhow, I saw one yesterday who disproved the charge of effeminacy in a most thorough manner. He was a pitiable sight. His long, yellow hair was curled and banged; his wide-brimmed hat was turned up and feathered like a belle's; his body How the Mountaineers Manage the Affair Washington Post.1 was encased fancifully in velvet, and only a short skirt instead of knee breeches was needed to make a girl of him exteriorly. He was standing at the entrance of a drygoods store, while his mamma was shopping within.

"O, see de chippy," cried a street boy, using New York's slang word meaning a little girl.
"What you giving me?" retorted Little Lord Fauntleroy, with a vim and diction quite as startling as though a winged angel

had dropped into profanity.

Then there was a rapid exchange of ju-Then there was a rapid exchange of ju-venile insults, and then a tousling, seram-bling encounter, all the way across the side-walk and into the gutter, where the combat-ants rolled over and over in the dust. Little ants rolled over and over in the dust. Little Lord Fauntleroy whipped his enemy, but himself sustained rather the more damage, because the other's clothes were much less susceptible of injury; but I fancy that if the circumstances and completeness of the ruin of that costume would but prevent its being succeeded by another of the same sort, the youngster would deem his victory glorious. A REFORMED PRODIGY. .

There are several women in New York who make a business of training infant Is aw one of these developers of genius enter a dramatic agency accompanied by no less than four specimens of little Lord Fauntleroy, I couldn't resist the temptation to follow her in. I guessed that one more company to play Mrs. Burnett's piece was being formed, and that these were candidates for formed, and that these were candidates for the title role; but I was wrong, as I ascertained by means of a diplomatic search for

particulars.

An old showman had hit upon what he thought was a bright idea. He would hire a precocious boy, capable of reciting win-somely, and put him forward as a reformed actor. He reasoned that many very suc-cessful evangelists had, as he termed it, "worked the reform racket," and why shouldn't a boy who had enacted the part of Fauntleroy turn pious in the same way, re-nounce the wickedness of the stage, and find profitable acceptance on the Lyceum plat-form? Wouldn't the church folks coddle and enrich such an elocutionary brand from the footlight burning? Anyhow, that was the showman's scheme, and he proposes to realize it. The prodigies were being brought to him for a selection.

FRECKLES ARE UNFASHIONABLE. All the girls are here in delightful profusion again, slightly bedraggled as regards their costumes, but as fine as ripe apples physically. A summer outing touches up' the jaded features in a very pleasing way, I am sure, and yet, now that the girls find themselves in the cool autumn light with a tint of the gold of August in their faces, they worry themselves over the question of getting bleached back to a snowy pallor once more, tired, as it is their fickle nature to be, of the glow that was desirable a few weeks back. I chanced across a Berkshire Hill young woman at the theater a night or so ago, and the instant I complimented her upon the warm mantle of tan that lay so charmingly on her features she buried her charmingly on her features she buried her face in her hands and begged me to say

tace in her hands and begged me to say nothing more about it.

"But it is an additional beauty," I ventured. "You look like an Iudian princess."

"But I don't want to look like an Iudian princess," she pouted, "I want to look like a New York society girl."

Then she told a story about a pretty friend afficted during the warm weather with at least six little freckles exactly across the

bridge of her nose. FRECKLE PARTIES.

"Oh, the cutest things you ever saw," rapturized the Indian princess. "Sprinkled like little grains of sunshine on a lily bud, so some boy told her. But she cried over them, and said they were abominable, and she would scald them out, and do all sorts of other foolish things to get rid of them. Finally, one day a fellow who was quite dead over her, declared that he know a sure cure for freckles. He had never known the remedy to fail, and he could promise that it cure for freekles. He had never known the remedy to fail, and he could promise that it was not in the least disagreeable to take. After a great deal of discussion dear little freckles said she would undergo treatment. Well, now, do you know, that in order to have the cure complete the young man was compelled to go out by moonlight to a certain part of the hotel grounds accompanied by the freckles, when, after an absence of five minutes he would bring his companion home utes he would bring his companion home cured of her blemishes. There was a great trouble in avoiding all the old people, but finally we got the two smuggled away. All finally we got the two smuggled away. All the rest waited excitedly for their return. After a leisurely walk through the shaded part of the grounds they came back together. The freckles were surely gone, and when I asked how it was done, my friend declared that they were frightened away. It was not a permanent cure, however, for they were back on the nose the next morning. Skeptics said that a dab of powder, with a kins before and after, comprised the treatment. After that we had what we called "freekle parties." They are very pleasant I can assure you."

This anecdote may be useful to young men whose best girls left town in July with span.

gled countenances, and are now back with features as spotless as the sunny side of a peach. The transformation may be the result of persistent and repeated freekle par-

A NEW YOBE STREET SCENE.

I have scarcely ever seen a more remarkable performance in the way of spontaneous street scenes than the one I witnessed a few days ago on Fifth avenue. There are a number of young men, of the genus "swell," in New York, who are highly skilled drivers of four-in-hand teams, and the manner in which they sweep along the pavements on top of a huge drag or coach, with some finely dressed ladies at their back, is an intimidating as well as an impressive spectacle. On the day in question a thoroughly brilliant and beautiful turnout of this character went gayly down the avenue with a great rumble of wheels, jangling of harness and spirited horn-tooting. At one of the cross streets a dilapidated express wagon driven by two very tough looking young men tried to shoot into the avenue, but was intercepted for an instant by the four-in-hand. The driver of the express wagon was compelled to pull his horse back rather sharply in order to let the drag

of the rowdy as it was turned tauntingly up at him. Just as he was called a frightful name by his tormentor there was a quick, sharp swish through the air, and at the same instant a long whip lash out squarely across the rowdy's face. There was a shrick of pain, the horse in the express wagon leaped into the air under the inspiration of another lash of the whip that caught him under the flanks, and in less time than it can be told the young man on the box of the drag had his team lined out, and, smid the merry notes of the silver horn, was rattling away as though nothing had happened.

CLARA BELLE.

A WEST VIRGINIA CUSTOM.

Called a Soup.

"I found a peculiar custom up at Shepherdstown, W. Va., where I spent my vaca-tion," said Fred. Ernst yesterday, "which was a novelty. The people have what they call 'soups.' A 'soup' is a sort of outdoor picnic. Each person invited brings a iressed chicken. The host provides the vegetables. The chickens and vegetables are put into huge kettles, holding 10 to 20 gallons, and cooked over open fires for several hours until the combination is reduced almost to a jelly. Pepper and other season-ing are introduced. The young folks stir the soup with long handled iron spoons, walking around the kettle as they stir. When a girl's spoon clicks against the spoon of a young man he is bound to catch and kiss her. As you can imagine, there are a good many lively scrimmages around the kettle. When the soup is done it is ladled out into plates and eaten, and is de-

"Tae custom is an old one, and I was unable to find its origin. A company of Stone-wall Jackson's command was recruited around Shepherdstown, and it still keeps up the organization. It has a reunion every

in stock were made for traffic purposes and not for the amusement of papooses.

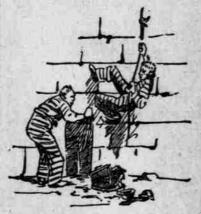
"It has only been recently," said the curio man, "that Indians have known what dolls were. The missionary is responsible for this. Many of the Indians of the present have primers which contain pictures of dolls. And then the kindergarten has helped to educate them. The little redskins have taken to the wigwam paper dolls and the older Indians have made dolls from buckskin, beads, and porcupine quills. Some of this work is really wonderful, and proves to my mind that the Indian is not the lazy lout which some people would have us believe. You would be astonished, I suppose, to know how many of these dolls I have sold. I can't get enough of them. The average price for an Indian doll is \$5.

I sold one last week for \$15."

It was a fine piece of work, except the

It was a fine piece of work, except the ace. An Indian can't make a face.

"United We Stand, Divided We Full."



Escaping Bank Burglar-Dat's a shame Mike. Red Dan's only left one pair of dis-Escaping Highwayman - Never mind, pard-



The Indians' Barbaric Festival on the Outskirts of Civilization.

PERFORMANCE OF A SAVAGE RITE

Alice Longfellow's Generosity to an Aboriginal Protege.

HIS TEARNING FOR A ROVING LIFE

RED BOCK, OTOE AGENCY, IND. T. ptember 14.-The old Four-dee road. September 14.—The old Four-dee road, which leads to the Oklahoma country and to Texas, keeps well trodden. The ruts and the ravines are being smoothed out and toned down by the process of civilization and by the adherence of this people to their old heathenish customs; for away off in a seelunded spot where the Black Bear creek winds quietly by over a nice pebbled bed they have pitched their tents, and are hold-ing a four days' feast and dance. The ex-tension of the Santa Fe Railroad, which cuts through their reservation, the influx of the boomers and the general tide of immigration impresses these Indians with the fact that they had better make hay while the sun shines; that their feast days and nights of hilarity are drawing to a close. And so they are entering into this, the last big feast of the year, with an earnestness and sest unknown to them in the everyday affairs of life, but which would show off well in the hay field or in the cultivation of their crops. They realize with sorrow that the buffalo is no more They have preserved some of his robes, tails and horns, and with faces as long as your arm, they don these and play buffalo. And

and horns, and with faces as long as your arm, they don these and play buffalo. And as we in our younger days, in imagination, found quite as much pleasure as we do now in realization, perhaps these ignorant people can find in this monkey-looking affair a pleasure, though they may bewail the loss of the inspiration of those old days.

It is hard to give up old oustoms, old traditions, especially if the adherence to these means a life of ease. We are all in pursuit of that which will make us happy. We do very little save from a selfish motive. If I help the poor, befriend the friendless, or sympathize with the sorrowing, it is because they have touched my heart and I will not feel good until I do something to relieve myself of the burden of the thought that I might help them bear their sorrow, lighten their hearts or appease their hunger. We judge the Indians too harshly. We expect too much from them. They were created Indians and Indians they will always be. When the race has become so thoroughly amalgamated that the white blood will predominate, then you will have the civilized Indian. When this country is opened up to white settlement and the Indians are compelled to live as civilized white people, there will be a few consumptive full blooded Indians left; but the vast majority of those who can live in a civilized State will be half-breeds, or those in whose faces no Indian blood can be traced. The romance connected with the Indians is fast disappearing. The beaded regalias, the paint and feathers which adorn stout, handsome physiques all lose their charm, even on acharming moonlight night, in this pretty country when we know that these who are rigged up in this styla playing the monkey, are English-speaking Indians, and intelligent enough elmost to vote. The Otoes are smart. They are mixed a great deal with French blood, but they will not give up their old Indian customs unless compelled to do so. The most intelligent ones who know better and are less superstitious than the others take part in all of their f PROTEGE OF A POET'S DAUGHTER.

A few days ago a fine-looking, intelligent, the granization. It has a reunion every year, and celebrates the occasion with a grand 'soup.' A 'soup' of that company to be properly gotten up should be made of stolen chickens, but the veterans have had to give up foraging sinee the war, and now make a compromise with necessity by going around in squads and robbing each other's henroosts by a prearranged understanding."

DOLLS FOR INDIAN BABIES.

Cute Little Playthings for the Noble Red Man's Little Daughters.

Chicago Tribune.!

A sign on a window of a house on North Clark street attracted my attention, and I went in. The proprietor is a dealer in Indian curios. Somebody told me that in his collection there was a lot of Indian dolls. It was news to me that an Indian baby ever had such a plaything as a doll. In fact, the Indian child, hasn't much opportunity to play as do the children of the pale faces. I was informed that the Indian dolls in stock were made for traffic purposes and not for the amusement of papooses.

"It has only been recently," said the continuum and "the profession he has chosen, yet he says that when he is sick or disheartened belanket again and going back to a life of the saction of the proof of a prosperous and happy future in the profession he has chosen, yet he says that when he is sick or disheartened the Hampton School in Virginia, but left there to take a normal course in a good school at Cambridge, Mass. He has enjoyed privileges that few young in a good school at Cambridge, Mass. He has enjoyed privileges that few young in a good school at Cambridge, Mass. He has enjoyed privileges that few young in a good school at Cambridge, Mass. He has enjoyed privileges that few young in a good school at Cambridge, Mass. He has enjoyed privileges that few young in a good school at Cambridge, Mass. He has enjoyed privileges that few young in a good school at Cambridge, Mass. He has enjoyed privileges that few young in a good school at Cambridge, Mass. He has enjoyed privileges that few young in a good school at Cambridge, Mass. He has enjoye he says that when he is sick or disheartened he feels like throwing all aside, donning the blanket again and going back to a life of ease and filthiness. This is the Indian. They need strengthening support. They are helpless when left to themselves, and readily fall back and into the old ways when among their people. Very few of these returned students from Eastern schools reform their people. It is the old law of easier to fall than rise, so they fall back into the old way and are even worse than those who have and are even worse than those who have never been to school.

The Four-dee road received its name in this way. The first ranch on it was owned

by two men whose names were Four and Dec. To shorten it and make it odd their brand was an old-fashioned 4 clutched by a capital D. About 12 miles from the agency, on this well-traveled road, the Indians have selected their annual feast ground. From the leveled circle on the knoll like a common race course where the fantastic dancing is done, Black Bear Creek bounds it on the north, the railroad on the west the timber of another small Creek bounds it on the north, the railroad on the west, the timber of another small stream on the south, and the rolling peaceful prairies on the east. Within the toot of civilization and hemmed in and bounded by the rules and regulations of the ultimate civilization of the Indians the heathenish dancing and feasting still go on, the plows are laid aside and the hay "waiteth for the mower." "Heap too warm to cut hay." they say, but not too warm to dance from sunrise until sunset, on the open prairie, without the least shade of covering for their blackt thick scalps. Intelligent Indians, English-speaking Indians, but obstinate and unprogressive, loving the old way because they have the privilege of doing so and retarding the progress of the young. Must is a good master, and must should be rigidly applied to these wards of the nation.

PREPARING FOR THE DANCE.

The preparations were for a big dance by three tribes—the Kaws, Otoes and Osages—but the Osages were ordered home. The circular spot, probably 200 feet in circumference, where the dancing took place, was guarded by two bright American flags. Directly opposite was a withered cedar tree, and under it were four almost nude Indians in sackcloth and ashes, mourning. Their ancestors, a long, long time ago, longed for the flesh poits of Egypt, and hankered after the melons and cucumbers and the onions, the garlie and the leeks they had left behind, but the people, their descendants, are weeping and walling under the cedar for the loss of the buffalo and the exciting, happy chase. They were rigged out in all the beaded work they possessed. Their garments, what few they had on, were bespangled and bedecked so that they glittered in the sunlight as brilliantly almost as Napoleon's tomb. The marriagable lamies and those of younger years were handsomely beaded shawls, which bore them down, and yards and yards of gay ribben streamed out from PREPARING FOR THE DANCE.

over his lace and smoothed the numbers, he skipped back into the arena lone who had found the clinir of life. memory of the buffalo is their Bro Sequard anointment.

to the cedar tree and returned. Then six others came out and d an old black lard cam. They fit up the bucket, amid the shouts army of dancers. The little menced to tinkle, the queer, nathe choir chimed in, and the and the dance was again rens followed silence, when Little around with a "little brown quenched the thirst of the chwarm, muddy water from I

The sky was black and the chart

E. H. D. A DEMAND FOR INDIAN SCALPS. Ghastly Curlosities That Some People Seem

A Monroe street hair dealer: "If you know where I can get any Indian scalps I shall be obliged to you for that information. Indian scalps, like buffalo heads, are becoming mighty scarce. You never can account for people's tastes. Now, about the last thing in the world that some people want is an Indian scalp, and yet there are people who want just that sort of a curiosity. I had an Indian belt not long ago which had nine scalps hung to it, and I sold it to a man on the North Side for \$35. I have a bunch of hair here—it isn't a scalp, as there is no skin attached to it, just a handful, as it were. It is worth \$5. Indians are not scalping as much as they used to, and that is why scalps are high. In fact, everything which Indians used to make are becoming scarcer and more valuable.

"Take the common Indian basket that used to sell for \$3 a dozen, now you can't get one for that money. There are two reasons for this. One is that travelers buy them first hands as curiosities and pay the Indians just what they ask. Another reason is that since the Government has got to taking such interest in Indians, taking care of them, the Indians are laster than ever and make less than formerly." A Monroe street hair dealer: "If you

Detroit Free Press. The last issue of the Medical Review promises a future srticle on "What to Do
When Stung by a Hornet." We don't believe anyone will wait with bated hreath for
that article. We have all been there. The
thing to do is to jump two feet high and yell
for the police.

Rheumatism

DEING due to the presence of urio acid in the blood, is most effectually cured by the use of Ayer's Sarsapartilla. Be sure you get Ayer's and no other, and take it till the poisonous acid is thoroughly expelled from the system. We challenge attention to this estimony:-

"About two years ago, after suffering for nearly two years from rheumatic gout, being able to walk only with great discomfort, and having tried various remedies, including mineral waters, without relief, I saw by an advertisement in a Chicago paper that a man had been relieved of this distressing complaint, after long suffering, by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I then decided to make a trial of this medicine, and took it regularly for eight months, and am pleased to state that it has effected a complete cure. I have since had no return of the disease." Mrs. R. Irving Dodge, 110 West 125th st., New York.

"One year ago I was taken ill with

"One year ago I was taken ill with inflammatory rheumatism, being confined to my house six months. I came out of the sickness very much debilitated, with no appetite, and my system disordered in every way. I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla and began to improve at once, gaining in strength and soon recovering my usual health. I cannot say too much in praise of this well-known medicine."—Mrs. L. A. Stark, Nashua, N. H.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, M. Price &I; six bottles, 65. Worth 65 a bot